

Poets 78016
Greenwich - Park : *K*

Humbly Inscribed to his GRACE

THE

Duke of *MONTAGU*.

To which are Added,

POEMS, &c.

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's. MDCGXXVIII.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

I *T* was owing to a violent Fit of Illness that this Book was so long delay'd being deliver'd after the Time propos'd ; which I don't know whether I ought more to ask Pardon for, than for publishing at all any Thing so incorrect and unfinish'd.

But if Troubles and Misfortunes can prevail on you to overlook the
a 2 *Faults*

The P R E F A C E.

Faults of the following Sheets, I am sure I may justly plead them in my Excuse.

It would look like Peevishness and Pique to express my Concern that some have greatly endeavour'd to hurt me in this Subscription, by not only ridiculing me, but even a Work before they saw it: And I am sure I may very well apply to myself what the Frogs said in the Fable,----That tho' it was Sport to them, it might have been Death to me: But it luckily happen'd that my Adversaries bore little Weight in the World and the Joke was attended with no other Success than a loud Laugh, which some Rhetoricians assure us is oftner a Note of Contempt than Approbation.

The Censures of a Man of Consequence have a remarkable Sting; but there is nothing very extraordinary in the
the

THE P R E F A C E.

the Venom of Insects, which are the common and unregarded Pestilence of a sultry Season.

As for those who have favour'd me with their Subscriptions, I am certain their Goodness will be as ready to forgive my Errors as to contribute to my Assistance. I pretend to no Judgment in Poetry, nor am ambitious of Commendation; my only Aim is not to displease; and, to use the Words of a much superior Genius, I was a Poet entirely by Accident.

I beg Leave to return my humblest Thanks to those many high Personages who have honour'd me with subscribing to this Work, and am sensible what great Credit Printing the List of Subscribers would have been both to the Book and the Author; but durst not presume to prefix such Names to any thing so slight and inconsiderable.

And

THE PREFACE.

And here I can't in Gratitude avoid mentioning the great Obligation I am under to that Nobleman of the first Rank, who was not only so kind as to begin the Subscription, but to give me other Proofs of his Inclinations to serve me: But Good-Nature, Humanity and Affability, are Virtues so remarkable in him, that I need not be vain enough to ascribe any Merit to myself, from the Favour I have obtained, since the Distress of a Fellow-Creature is of itself recommendatory to him; and an Object of Distress he greatly thinks one of Compassion.

*It may be objected that there is too much of Party in this Book; but that none may be thereby disoblig'd, I hope it will fall only into the Hands of Those who see with Concern the unjustifiable Reproaches and ungentlemanlike Scurrilities of some uneasy
Men*

The P R E F A C E.

Men amongst us : Such, I dare affirm, will approve of an Attempt to vindicate injur'd Merit ; nor will be displeas'd with Encomiums if really due ; where there is true Worth, Praise is a Justice ; nor are Applauses at any Time so criminal as unreasonable Abuses. A good-natur'd Man avoids Slander and Detraction tho' Guilt may be prov'd, as every One does the Office of an Executioner : But how notoriously base is He that will venture publicly to assert what he cannot maintain, and, out of a restless Spirit of Envy, will calumniate the Man above him ? who, as Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE says, Injures a Man out of Pique, Humour or standing in his Way, hates him because he has injur'd him, and speaks ill of him because he hates him.

*To conclude, such a Proceeding is not only uncharitable in itself, but is
of*

THE PREFACE.

of the utmost ill Consequence. By such means the Minds of Men are poison'd, and publick Peace and Tranquility disturb'd. Whatever such Men's Pretences may be, they shew little Loyalty and Regard to their Prince, who thus strive to make his Reign disquiet and uneasy.

For my own Part, I shall ever think it the indispensable Duty of every honest Briton to oppose such pretended Patriotism, and wish I had an Ability great, as my Inclination to do so remarkable a Piece of Justice.



Greenwich



Greenwich - Park:

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

Duke of *MONTAGU*.



WHILST you, my Lord, forsake, a while, your
Seat,

And honour this lov'd Park with your Retreat,

Permit my Muse in un aspiring Strains

To sing the Beauties of the happy Plains.

Eden's fine Garden, and its fragrant Air,

The blest Abode of that unhappy Pair,

A

Who

Whose Disobedience rais'd a flaming Sword,
 Inutterable Pleasures did afford.
 Who can attempt those Pleasures to rehearse,
 Or dare to vye with *MILTON*'s lofty Verse ?
MILTON ! in whose inimitable Song
 The Groves resume their Beauty lost so long,
 By whom such just Ideas are convey'd,
 We seem to read him in his *Eden*'s Shade ;
 To see the Place whose Charms are there express'd,
 And are in the delightful Error blest'd.

Let *Eden*'s great Resemblance raise my Flame,
 Too weak to give the following Groves a Name,
 Or equal Beauty shou'd have equal Fame.

A *Cooper*'s Hill exalted *DENHAM*'s Lays,
 And *POPE*, by *Windsor*, gain'd a lasting Praise ;
 That Bard for whom fresh Laurels daily grow,
 Whose charming Numbers do so freely flow :
 Sure all their Aid to him the Muses bring,
 His Lines they water with their clearest Spring :
 Tho' strong, not forc'd, in Quantity exact,
 Tho' learn'd yet easy, without Fault correct.

A Genius

A Genius like his we seldom meet,
 Or Poetry so musically sweet :
 Who vainly strives to imitate a *POPE*,
 To speak like *TULLY* may as vainly hope.
 Whilst *Windsor's* Charms he labours to rehearse,
 And plants new Beauties in his fruitful Verse.
 Who is there would not rather chuse with me
 To read his Poem than the Forest see ?
 But tho' for *Windsor* such a Harp was strung,
 No longer *Greenwich* shall remain unsung;
 Some Merit to the Place is justly due,
 That can have Power to draw a *MONTAGU*.
 No more it looks an unfrequented Waste
 Now Great *MOUNTHERMER* gives the World a
 Taste ;
 Nor *Windsor* a more beauteous Prospect shews
 And the same *Thames* our *Greenwich* Banks o'erflows.
 There seems, indeed, a Mutability,
 A stretch'd-out Arm to meet a Parent Sea :
 What there can little Wherrys scarce contain
 Here bears the strong-ribb'd *Argos* of the Main ;

Here flowing Tides bring Ships with *Africk's* Store,
 Here ebbing Ones turn others out for more :
 Large Men of War the skilful Pilots steers,
 Here *Asia's* Wealth in floating Worlds appears ;
 And who loves Naval Sights may always meet
 Of footy Colliers, a continual Fleet.

Hence *British* Youths Frugality may learn,
 And the great Use of well-grown Wood discern ;
 Hence nobly scorn to cut their infant Trees,
 And of such useful Guest deprive the Seas.
 Oh, had their Ancestors such Havock made,
 And chang'd their Timber for a Masquerade,
BRITANIA's Squadrons never had been known,
 Or her unconquerable Fleets been shewn.
 But let our Men of Taste, our sparkling Beaux,
 Pursue the Pleasures they have wisely chose,
 The foolish Bard that censures Men like these,
 May half a Nation in one Line displease.
 Let Men of Fortune where they will appear,
 Return, O Muse, to what delights you here.

As thro' the circling *Thames* the Vessel glides,
 Befriended by the Course of courteous Tides,

Nimbly

Nimble she seems o'er lofty Hills to sail,
 And cuts a Way thro' every marshy Vale,
 Till by Degrees at last she disappears,
 And her lov'd Ocean with her Presence cheers :
 Here without Danger we may daily see
 The Sea's vast Motion in Epitomy ;
 May view the mighty Wonders of the Deep,
 And yet our fearless pleasing Station keep ;
 Here Boats of little Burthen mount a-height,
 Then sink again, and hardly are in sight :
 Here in high Springs, large Porpuses appear,
 And Whales may float their bulky Bodies here.
 But some there are dislike these rolling Waves,
 And chuse the Spring that verdant Meadows laves :
 Prefer to these dear *Windsor's* silent Streams,
 And think the River here too boisterous seems ;
 Let such Men know it can each Passion sooth,
 And there are Times no Waters are so smooth :
 Tho' wide the *Thames*, so still no Brooks appear,
 Nor *Windsor's* Stream more gentle or more clear.
 With these fine Views, if ever you are tir'd,
 Here Woods and Plains are equally admir'd :

These

These charming Prospects let me still pursue,
 And what commands them all with Pleasure view.
 Who from the Sight of *HERBERT*'s House can fly ?
 Or not on such a Building fix his Eye ?
 With great Improvement here we see reviv'd
 The glorious Art which Ancients first contriv'd ;
 Nor could the Science in those Days produce,
 A Dome so form'd for Ornament and Use :
 As here the Vessel takes her watry Flight,
 The River turns her to this lovely Sight
 Loath to deprive her Guests of such Delight. }
 This little Fabrick doth adorn the Waste,
 And *HERBERT*'s Mansion shews a *HERBERT*'s
 Taste,

O, may this Palace, rais'd in Miniature,
 This beauteous Box, whilst Time shall last, endure.

But now the Beauties of the Park relate,
 Who here reside, enjoy a happy Fate.
 Well may they bless the God that gave them Birth,
 And thus has plac'd them on his choicest Earth.
 Here the thick Grove affords a cool Retreat,
 From the Sun's scorching penetrable Heat ;

And

And yet displays convenient op'ning Glades,
 Nor quite excludes bright Phœbus from the Shades :
 From hence an Architect contrives his Seat,
 Covers it in to keep out Cold and Heat ;
 Yet to enjoy the God's enliv'ning Ray,
 He gives it Windows to admit his Day.

Here scampering Deer, with little wanton Fawns
 Tread on green Carpets, and regale on Lawns,
 There shadowing Trees a pleasing Scene impart
 The lively Proofs of their first Planter's Art ;
 Not intersperst, or here and there are plac'd,
 But with fine Vistas ev'ry Walk is grac'd.
 Here, with Amazement, each Beholder sees
 How Friendship is emblemiz'd in Trees,
 Ev'n Vegetables teach us to agree,
 And seem Examples of Humanity.
 One Tree no sooner wants its Neighbour's Aid,
 But t'other kindly lends a friendly Shade ;
 Nor proudly boasts its own Floridity,
 But joins it's Branches to the leafless Tree.
 Thro' various shady Groves at length we come
 To that high finely situated Dome.

A Dome

A Dome the King's observatory nam'd
 Where *FLAMSTEED* in Astronomy grew fam'd,
 Where the great Study *HALLEY* now pursues,
 And of the Stars takes his Nocturnal Views,
 Communicating Glories which foretel
 To those that read, and can observe them well,
 What future Good, or future Ills appear,
 And what's the Fate of each revolving Year.
 This learned Art, the learned *HALLEY* knows,
 Decipher's what each Star and Planet shows;
 From that bright Registry of Heaven's Intents,
 Kindly informs the World of all Events,
 ‡ Whether the Sun will be obstructed soon,
 In his great Progress by the envious Moon;
 Or when *Diana's* Self will cease to shine,
 Sadly obscur'd beneath th'ecliptick Line.

From hence our great Metropolis you see,
 'And yet from all her Smoak and Noise are free;
 Her numerous Spires rise from this Ascent,
 'And here we see that City's vast Extent;

‡ These Lines allude to a Notion commonly received, that an Eclipse
 of the Sun is occasion'd by the Moon's getting before it.

Nor is her Suburbs and herself too large,
 Or too magnificent to hold her Charge:
 What Place can be too spacious or too great
 For *Britain's* Monarch, Royal *Brunswick's* Seat?
 And whilst we here confine our ravish'd View,
 Let us give *Wren's* great * Masterpiece its Due;
 Here with the greatest of his Art he vy'd,
 Rais'd *London's* Ornament, Religion's Pride.
 Some tell a nobler Structure built at *Rome*,
 And give the Preference to *Peter's* Dome;
 But when you've brought its chief Perfections o'er,
 You'll here see Beauties, unperceiv'd before.

In some a most unnatural Taste is shewn,
 And foreign Artists must excel our own;
 Strange Modes prevail in these fantastick Times,
 And what can please, produc'd in *British* Climes?
 And yet, how e're ill-fashion'd, or ill-wrought,
 Nothing displeases from Abroad is brought;
 So brutish Husbands hate their beautilous Wives,
 Are fond of Change and lead ^{odd} ~~odd~~ vicious Lives;

B

And

* St. Paul's Cathedral.

And tho' no Fault or Imperfection's known,
They must be scorn'd, because they are their own.

From this fine Prospect, when we turn our Eyes
Delightful Hills on every Side arise,

That join their tow'ring Tops to bending Skies.

Or if we look directly opposite,

An Isle that seems to float, appears in sight;

There un-yoak'd Oxen in fat Pastures graze,

And there ev'n Beasts enjoy their Halcyon Days,

For those deceas'd, the Smith prescribes that Air,

And Horses have a *Bath* and *Pymont* there:

The purging Grass and River's cleansing Flood

At once give Physick and delicious Food,

Will cure their Swellings and remove their Pains,

And again fit them for *New-Market's* Plains.

We now proceed to *BORMAN's* bow'ry Shades;

Where Wretches boast of wronging simple Maids,

And here on Pallisadoes fondly tell,

They dare 'gainst Virtue's modest Rules rebel:

Here [shameful Men our shameful Authors quote

Obscenity, that Scum of Wit is wrote

Of

x diseased

Of ill-bred Men, here view the vulgar Strains,

The dull Memorials of want of Brains.

O that a Place so pleasant should afford

No Blifs, but leaving Folly on Record,

Such Practices cou'd *Cadmus* have foreknown,

The Use of Letters never had been shewn.

And ~~The~~ next a beaut'ous * Wood demands your Lay,

Where Angels, did they want a Heav'n wou'd stay.

Who'd toil for Honours, or in Courts appear,

That hourly can enjoy *Elysium* here?

The fland'ring Censures of a World that's rude,

Are miss'd in this delightful Solitude.

Whilst here the Linnets strain their little Throats,

Striving t'excel the Nightingale's sweet Notes.

The pretty Disputants, th' harmonious Choire,

For ever let me hear, let me admire

These blest Inhabitants in tuneful Throngs,

Delight us always with melodious Songs.

No hurtful Satire nor Abuses give,

But beg alone the Privilege to live.

B 2

Here

* The Wilderness.

Here the swift winding Hare is free from Fear,
 Nor the fleet Greyhound dares assault her here.
 In this dear Place let me for ever live,
 Nor turn me in an envious World to grieve,
 Where Men hate Men, where Men make Men their Prey,
 Nor wild *Barbarians* more fierce than they;
 Where only for the Pleasure to oppress,
 Inhuman Man his Neighbour will distress:
 In this lov'd Shade no Danger's ever fear'd,
 Nor whisper'd Calumnies are ever heard;
 No Sorrows there are felt, no Want or Care,
 And murmuring Brooks do only murmur there.

The famous Heath here opens to our View
 (A while let's leave the Subject we pursue)
 'Twas o'er these Plains the gallant *CHURCHILL* mov'd,
 Follow'd by Legions, nor fear'd but lov'd.
 Each hardy Soldier, by his General's Side,
 Went on to Battle with a dauntless Pride,
 With big swol'n Veins, resolv'd to get Applause,
 Or bravely see them launch't in *England's* Cause.
 O cou'd my Eyes again behold the Sight
CHURCHILL, once *Europe's* Terror and Delight,

CHUR-

CHURCHILL the Hero that for ten Campaigns,
 Brought endless Glory to *Britannia's* Plains,
 And now forgive me, if I hear relate
Britain's Ingratitude her *MARLBOROUGH's* Fate.
 How did each honest *Englishman* lament,
 To see the Victor drove to Banishment?
 To see the Man that greatest Dangers fac'd,
 By those he fought and conquer'd for disgrac'd,
 O from our Annals! blot th' ungenerous Deed,
 Nor let a Nation's Reputation bleed;
 But in those Annals let his Acts be seen,
 And keep Great *MARLBOROUGH's* Laurels ever green.

This mournful Subject let us now forsake;
 And here a View of *PAGE's* Mansion take;
 A Dome, the Owner's Joy, the Builder's Pride,
 Where Kings might dwell, and Gods themselves reside.

Here skilful *James* from rough and unwrought Stones,
 Has rais'd a Building well may vye with *Jones*;
 Had all our wealthy *Britons* Souls like *Page*,
 What noble Structures wou'd adorn the Age;
 And from such Works much Benefit's receiv'd,
 An Art's encourag'd, and the Poor reliev'd.

Here:

Here view what glorious, beautiful Scenes arise,
 What pleasing Landscips are before your Eyes;
 High distant Hills extensive Prospects bring,
 And flow'ry Valleys shew perpetual Spring.
 Long in the Dome h'as built his spacious Seat,
 May *PAGE* enjoy his charming lov'd Retreat;
 With Phœbus may fresh Pleasures rise each Day,
 And fleeting Time pass joyfully away.

The lovely Groves, 'tis time we now review,
 Enter the Park again, our Theme pursue.
 Thro' Chesnut shady Walks let's take our Way,
 And rural Plains on every Side survey,
 Here *Vanbrugh's* House, for Novelty excels,
 And there the Hospitable *Wither's* dwells,
 The brave, the well-bred friendly Soldier's Seat,
 Nor e'er was Mansion seen before so neat,
 Form'd with a stately, tho' uncommon Air,
 The Man of Fashion is distinguish'd there.

Next to the Walk, which every Walk excels,
 Let us proceed, and view the beautiful *Belle's*;
 'Tis here *Olivia's* Eyes display their Fires,
 Brilliants so finely set, the World admires.

Black gives them still a nobler, better Ray,
 Nor e'er were Eyes perceiv'd so bright as they.
 Here of another widow'd Fair we boast,
 And here a charming *Belle's* again the Toast.
 No dark Attire *Belinda's* Face confines,
 Like *Cynthia* Queen of Night, the Goddess shines;
 Again she shines, again *Belinda's* free,
 And gives the World again Felicity.
 Of all that here excel, what Muse can sing,
 Nor greater Numbers grace the *Mall* or *Ring*?
 No Women there are seen with better Air,
 With Mien more graceful, or with Face more fair.
 Whilst Nymphs like these adorn our *Greenwich* Shades,
 Rustle in Lustrings and in rich Brocades.
 Slaves in Embroidery will haunt the Plains,
 And Ecchos will repeat their amorous Strains:
 This verdant Walk, whose beautiful Descent
 We see with Pleasure, yet its Fate lament,
 Grieve that 'tis branded with so vile a * Name,
 That what deserves such Praise shou'd meet such Shame;
 This

* It is called Brazen-fac'd Walk.

This Reason only we can deign to give,
 That here adventrous, daring Mortals live,
 And in this Walk will frequently appear,
 Boldly to gaze on Angels moving here.

Next let us to the Royal Dome repair,
 Intrusted to the generous *JENNINGS* Care;
 O may it always be such Mens Abode,
 And may each Successor pursue his Road,
 Like once lov'd *Aylmer*, let the Ranger be
 As honest and beneficent as he;
 But he was mortal, and the meagre Fiend
 Depriv'd them of their Governour and Friend.
 At length Great *BRUNSWICK* bid a *Jennings* go
 Succeed him, and alleviate the Blow.
 So when a hasty Shower has hurt the Grain,
 The Farmers anxious, for their Loss complain;
 But at the glorious Sun's reviving Sight,
 They lose their Sorrow in their great Delight.
 Thus *Jennings* ev'ry drooping Spirit rais'd,
 And here such Merit might be justly prais'd;
 But let us wish him here the greatest Joy,
 Continu'd Health to his delightful Boy;

Let

May this fine Blossom to Perfection grow,
 Nor meet the cruel, blasting Tyrant's Blow;
 But may the Power, whose super-natural Force
 Chaces the Fiend away, and stops his Course,
 For ever make him its peculiar Care,
 And for the Father's Sake, the Infant spare.

Let *Windsor* boast what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
 And count an *Edward's*, ~~Henry's~~ Actions o'er,
 Compar'd to us, the Honour is but small,
 In one great Woman we surpass'd them all;
 'Twas here *ELIZABETH* her Breath receiv'd,
 The Princess that her Country reliev'd.
 From cruel *MARY's* Bigotry and Hate,
 From Ruin and inextricable Fate;
 By her we all were sav'd, by that fam'd Queen;
 Whose wondrous Actions were with Wonder seen.

Here her great Father, did his Schemes pursue,
 And had the Reformation here in view,
 Here Protestants receiv'd their greatest Hope,
 And *Greenwich* Councils banish'd hence the *Pope*:
 Now let us sing, my Muse, our last Resort,
 And view an Hospital or view a Court,

O may the Founder's Name be ever blest,
That here contriv'd disabl'd Seamen's Rest;
Form'd stately Rooms for each poor Man's Retreat,
And gave him in old Age a peaceful Seat.

How greatly must it raise our Sailors Hopes,
To think of such Relief from galling Ropes,
That ~~wearied~~ ^{broken} Sinnews will in Time be heal'd,
And Comfort at Life's ~~close~~ ^{the close} reveal'd.

Of this fine Place the glorious Painting view,
And give Encomiums to the Master's due.
Here glorious *WILLIAM* once again is seen,
And smiling by his Side his charming Queen.

O let not *Thornhill's* Modesty complain
Of Commendation in the humblest Strain,
Judgment like his for loudest Praises calls,
Before whose Pencil, every Pencil falls.

Here see a Work, the loyal Workman's Care,
View in the Upper-Hall, your Sovereign there;
There the great Master left the common Road,
Has painted *Brunswick*, or has drawn a God;
The Royal Prince with filial Duty stands,
And gracious *CAROLINE* all Hearts commands;

The

The sprightly *FREDERICK* gives great Delight,
 And little *WILLIAM*'s Figure charms the Sight;
 View blooming *ANNA* with Majestick Grace,
 And see good Nature in *AMELIA*'s Face;
 With joy behold another *CAROLINE*,
 And the two Least in Innocency shine.

On the right Hand another Pleasure springs,
 'The happy Landing of the best of Kings;
 Here the great Prince, whose Mem'ry we adore,
 As *Britain*'s King first trod on *Britain*'s Shore.
 Methinks I hear the Croud's united Voice,
 Again I hear, the loyal, joyful Noise,
 A Noise which plainly shew'd to list'ning Ears;
 They knew they were reliev'd from all their Fears
 By Royal *GEORGE*, Peace takes her easy Place,
 And *Happiness* next shews her joyful Face.
 By *Truth* and *Justice* is the Hero led,
Religion raises too her sacred Head.
 Here *Liberty* preserv'd, gives great Applause,
 And pays her court to him that sav'd our Laws.
 Rebellious Slaves before the Victor fall,
 And Foes retreat that would the State entrawl.

Now

Now finally conclude my trembling Muse,
 And let me only now implore Excuse.
 O with your Sense let Goodness interfere,
 Nor criticise on Imperfections here.
 From one o'er-whelm'd with Grief, with Cares oppress,
 That knows no Comfort and enjoys no Rest.
 Who can or good or lofty Verse expect,
 Yet who is he, will cruelly reflect:
 Besides, I'm yet but in the Muses School,
 Too young in Poetry to write by Rule,
 By Time and Study I may learn to mend,
 Nor shall my Labours with this Poem end.
 From unform'd Chaos first the World began,
 And from weak Infancy we grow to Man.

To you, my Lord, the Bard his Duty pays,
 If your good Nature should accept the Lays.
 So great an Honour will be highest Praise.
 Favour like that would every Fear remove,
 And none will be displeas'd if you approve.



ON THE
BIRTH-DAY

OF HER

Most Sacred MAJESTY.

MARCH 1st, 1728.



O raise my humble Strains, my Lays refine

Inspiring God, propitious Sisters join;

For *CAROLINA* open every Spring,

And let each Muse her grateful Tribute bring.

This Day in *British* Calendar shall rise,

And an unusual Ray adorns the Skies,

Triumphant Joy in every Face is seen,

Nations unite in praise of *England's* Queen,

And * *Cambrian* Leeks shall look for ever green,

How she behav'd in her Religion's Cause,

Remember Protestants and give Applause;

No

* Worn on St. David's Day.

No glittering Crown could her great Mind subdue,
 And Heav'n reserv'd the Heroine for you,
 Decreed that o'er the People she shou'd reign,
 Whose Faith she did so strenuously maintain.

Whether as Queen, as Mother, or as Wife,
 Here view the Patern of exactest Life;
 Behold a Princess skill'd in learned Arts,
 Nor yet Pedantick, but who gains all Hearts.

Let us those memorable Suns adore,
 Which gave her Birth, and to our *Albion* Shore;
 With Pride obey, and conscious of our Bliss,
 Be every Day she lives, rever'd like this.





ON HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE's

Intercession in Behalf of *M. Palliarett*
His Writing-Master.



Long have our Bards from antient *Greece* and *Rome*,
Brought Heroes and heroick Actions home :
As if our Country was a barren Soil,
Nor glorious Plants could grow in *Britain's* Isle,
Here see what Worth in tender Age appears,
View here the Wonder of his Infant Years,
View here how Heavenly Pow'rs their Gifts dispense,
And how the Boy displays the Man of Sense;
Here you may see an early thirst of Fame,
Extensive Virtue in a little Frame,

[May]

May here a Man, in perfect Childhood see,
Of *English* Growth, and *Cumberland* is he.

But sing, my Muse, the wond'rous Cause of Praise,
The present Subject that inspires your Lays,
Relate a mournful Son's most filial Grief,
And Royal *William's* seasonable Relief;
How at the dismal Story he was mov'd,
'And how his tender Nature here was prov'd:
With Misery he felt a generous Woe,
'And said, The Queen the horrid Fact should know;
Which soon he tells her in affecting Strains,
'And of the *Gallick* savage Laws complains,
Repeats how cruelly the Man was us'd,
By Soldiers plunder'd, and by Slaves abus'd.
That if her Leave to ask he might obtain,
He doubted not a timely Help to gain.
The pious Queen, had Pleasure and Surprise,
Saw his good Nature with admiring Eyes;
Bids him in Paths of Virtue persevere,
Such Acts should ever be encourag'd here;
That in the present Cause he might proceed,
'And take the Merit of the glorious Deed,

Who

Who saw can only tell the mighty Joy,
 The honest Transport of the lovely Boy,
 Not vainly pleas'd in pleading to excel,
 But that he hitherto succeeded well.
 When the *French* Envoy at the Court appears,
 The little Friend's great Soul admits no Fears;
 But says courageously, I want a Boon,
 * Which would be given twice, if granted soon.
 Then states at large the melancholy Case,
 And strongly urges how unjust it was,
 That such Oppressions he was sure must spring,
 Without the Knowledge of the *Christian King*;
 And then besought him that at his Request
 The Subject might no longer be oppress'd.

With great Astonishment he heard the Whole,
 Pleas'd at such young humanity of Soul,
 Promis'd to make it his immediate Task,
 To gain what such a Suitor stoop'd to ask;
 Nor *Phæbus* many Days his Course had run,
 But an Express proclaim'd the Deed was done;

D

The

* Bis dat qui cito dat proverb.

The poor Man's Sorrow quickly was appeas'd,
 And generous *WILLIAM*'s anxious Mind was eas'd.
 With Zeal like this the glorious, great *Nassau*,
 Hasten'd to save a Nation's sinking Law,
 A burthen'd People bravely to redress,
 Whom second *James* had labour'd to oppress.
 This Royal Youth who bears the Victor's Name,
 Whose Breast was now inspir'd with equal Flame,
 Shall grow like him in Glory and in Fame.
 In early Days, when early Worth appears,
 Our Expectations rise with riper Years;
 If so much Beauty in the Bud is shewn,
 How charming will the Flower be when blown?
 When for great Deeds a stronger Pulse will beat,
 And the bright Spark is kindled into Heat,
 O may th' Almighty let the Infant live,
 Nor take a Blessing he alone can give.





ON THE
PRELIMINARIES

Being RATIFIED by

SPAIN,

And the Prospect of a General PEACE.



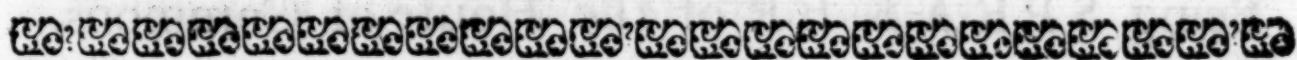
Soldier bred from Infancy to Arms,
With secret Pleasure hears of War's Alarms,
Dangers delight the Brave, the Hero's Mind,
In dull Tranquility appears confin'd.
Such was our King, but for his People's Ease,
Whom he so greatly condescends to please,
He wisely shews, all Views may be withstood,
Are inconsistent with a Nation's Good,
Makes *England's* Happiness his only Boast,
Nor covets Lawrels at his Subject's Cost;
Yet *BRUNSWICK's* Soul cou'd never Insults bear,
Nor any Toil to keep our Rights, wou'd spare.

Like the great *Julius*, brave and undismay'd,
 As resolute to guard, as he t' invade.
 Oh was this active Prince to take the Field,
 How wou'd retreating Ranks to *Brunswick* yield!
 Before his Arms how frighted Troops wou'd fly,
 Assur'd by his Approach their Fate was nigh;
 But if he says the Trumpet's Note shall cease,
 The World obeys, and Kingdom's are at Peace,
 This ratify'd Preliminaries shew,
 And *Spaniards* must their boasted Schemes forego;
 For to insist where *Brunswick* lays a Claim,
 Is only to increase the Monarch's Fame.

Britons be just, be such desert admir'd,
 With wise, becoming, virtuous Zeal be fir'd;
 And shew however difficult to please,
 When such Kings rule you can obey with ease;
 That gracious, affable and free Deport,
 Perceiv'd at present in the *British* Court,
 Shews that the King pursues his glorious Aim
 To gain the People's love, his Power might tame.
 Had thus the mighty *Cæsar* strove to please,
 And rul'd th' Imperial State with Arts like these,

He

He had escap'd his melancholy End,
 And honest *Brutus* had remain'd his Friend,
Romans delighted, would have gladly deign'd
 To have obey'd the Prince like *GEORGE* had reign'd.
 So great a King must every Heart command,
 And rule with Pleasure a submissive Land.



ON HER
 ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE
 Princess *A M E L I A*'s
 Going to B A T H.



Y E healing Springs, this Royal Maid restore,
 Revive this beautiful Flow'r, or rise no more;
 By you recover'd, shou'd *AMELIA* live,
 We all shall bless you for the Health you give.
Montpelier, Pyrmont, each will lose their Fame,
 And *England's* BATH alone will have the Name
 Above the rest, that Place must surely shine,
 Which cures a Princess of Great *BRUNSWICK's* Line.

ON



ON THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;
Being SPEAKER of the House of Commons.



HAT! shall an *ONSLow* fill again the Chair,
And no melodious Muse a Note prepare;
Permit an humble Bard to touch the Lyre,

So great a Subject will the Song inspire.

As the late Speaker with high Peers is plac'd,
And their Majestick Dome with *COMPTON*'s grac'd;
Who cou'd the *Commons* in his Room propose,
Or who but *Onslow* have so wisely chose?
Those who in Virtue and in Parts excel
Will be advanc'd, where Men distinguish well.

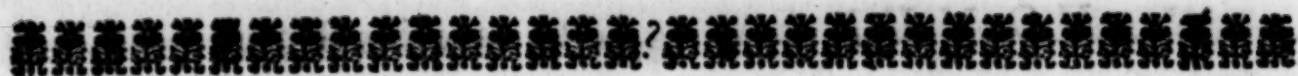
A *WALPOLE*'s Merit thus made *WALPOLE* great,
And *ONSLow* thus adorns our Senate's Seat:
Britain's Allies approve the happy Choice,
And wish to join in the united Voice.

Was

Was *HOMER* now again to tune his Lays,
 How wou'd the Bard exert in *ONSLOW*'s praise?
 His *Grecian* Hero wou'd be laid aside,
 And *ONSLOW* now wou'd be the Poet's Pride,
 Who to write *Odysses* again inclin'd,
 Wou'd leave the Body's Vigour for the Mind.

Whilst some unwarrantable Warmth display,
 And cannot their unruly Passions sway,
 From *ONSLOW*'s Speeches none receive Offence,
 As much the Man of Breeding as of Sense;
 To rail or give Abuse he never knows,
 But calm and easy strongest Reas'ning shews,
 And *TULLY*'s sweetness from an *ONSLOW* flows.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
On the Conclusion of this Session of Parliament.
June, MDCCXXVIII.



Incumbred with the great Affairs of State,
Weary'd with noisy Faction's bold Debate,
How can I hope to find the Patriot's Breast,
Or free from Care, or not inclin'd to Rest;
But e'er you take the Bliss the Country yields,
Which courts you with its flow'ry, verdant Fields;
Forgive the Bard, that in these humble Strains,
Presumes to thank great *WALPOLE* for his Pains,
His honest Labours for *Britannia's* Plains.

To one so zealous in his Country's Cause,
It never is amiss to give Applause;
But if disgusted Men in Duty fail,
And take a boundless Liberty to rail,
To Statesmen then who think and act like you,
Encomiums more immediately are due,

Of

For you each honest Breast with Ardour glows,
 Nor have you Enemies but *ENGLAND*'s Foes,
 A poor, abandon'd, wretched Few that wait
 In Hopes to plunder and inflave the State;
 With secret Malice such behold the Toils,
 Which must deprive them of their promis'd Spoils:
 Who that's his Country's Friend do you displease?
 Or what true Patriot herds with Men like these?
 Long may you, Sir, our Court and Council grace,
 No envious Tongue can Worth like Yours debase:
 Long may great *BRUNSWICK* have his People's Voice,
 Choose Ministers like you, and Men applaud the Choice.



E

VERSES



V E R S E S

Occasionally Wrote.



Llustrious Acts high Raptures do infuse,

And every Conqueror creates a Muse ;

Thus *WALLER* sung, in whose uprighter Days,

'Twas thought a Duty to give Merit praise,

But now the Age is more ungrateful grown,

Nor *British* Bards dare *British* Heroes own ;

Fear to applaud a Man tho' e're so fam'd,

Since Praise, however just, is Flatt'ry nam'd.

When strictest Honour strives with Party Rage,

Nor Virtue can the factious Storm assuage,

When false Suggestions are as Facts believ'd,

And the poor Vulgar are by Knaves deceiv'd ;

How hard is then a labouring Statesman's Fate,

Ill us'd for serving an unthankful State ?

If his great Actions do his Fortune raise,
 Then restless Envy will his Deeds dispraise,
 The meagre Fiend, with all her Train appears,
 And scatters in the World Distrusts and Fears ;
 Insinuates he would the State inthrawl,
 And longs to see the worthy Patriot fall.
 Whilst thus the Muse indites her feeble Strains,
 And of the World's Dishonesty complains,
 With Joy she thinks on a late boasted Day,
 When threat'ning *PROTEUS* made a bold Essay,
 Try'd ev'ry Shape great *MANLIUS* to subdue,
 Supported by an inconsiderate Few ;
 How much they err'd, how much the Patriot shone,
 His Enemies with great Reluctance own,
 'Twas then who long unruffled and unmov'd,
 Had heard himself aspers'd, was guiltless prov'd ;
 His Conduct was admir'd, their Malice fail'd,
 And Innocence o're all their Arts prevail'd ;
 Exalted Worth, exalted Station keeps,
 And Envy conquer'd and confounded sleeps.

T H E
T R O J A N's Distress:
A New BALLAD;

Taken from COSTON's *Virgil* Travisty.

Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury*.



E Lads and ye Lasses attend to my Ditty,
I'm sure it will cause either Laughter or Pity,
To hear how a Whipster was serv'd, that for Pelf
Would have ruin'd much honest Men than himself.

Down derry down, &c.

Gaffer *VIRGIL* that crabbed and *Latin* old Poet,
Had he wrote it in *English* I better should know it,
Tells a Tale how some Blades of famous *Troy* Town,
Were horribly plagu'd and almost overthrown,

Derry down, &c.

In a Vessel so smart, so trim and so tite,
With Guns 'fore and aft in Case of a Fight,

H H T

There

There * *Robin Æneas* and others were got,
To tell you their Scheme it mattereth not,

Derry down, &c.

Many Days they went on with a moderate Gale,
Just enough to demonstrate the Use of a Sail,
They had a Commander so good and so stout,
And politick *Robin* he kept a Look out,

Derry down, &c.

Now a grumbling Fellow they call'd † *Æolus*,
Who made it his Work to put Seas in a Fufs,
One Day when the *Trojans* were thinking no Harm,
The Fishes at ease and the Water so calm,

Derry down, &c.

This whimsical Whelp, to go on with my Tale,
With whom, when in Wrath, no Words could prevail,
Turn'd himself to the windward and gave f ch a Blast,
You'd have swore by the Thunder that Day was the last,

Derry down, &c.

Now most Folks imagine a jealous old Witch,
Of her Friend *Æolus* this Boon did beseech;

Who

* *Æneas's* first Name was *Robin*, as some Antiquaries think.

† God of the Winds.

Who to plague the poor *Trojans* maliciously strove,
Because she perceiv'd they were favour'd by *Jove*.

Derry down, &c.

And who shou'd this be, but one I and you know,
A spiteful old Slut, and they call her Name * *Juno*,
A Jade that was us'd to lye and cajole,
Who in flattering Terms thus accosted *Æol*.

Derry down, &c.

Accept my best Thanks, most thund'ring Sir,
That at my Request your great Self you'd bestir;
With Places and Profits your Deeds I'll requite,
And a clever *Plump* Girl I will send you at Night.

Derry down, &c.

Oh, your Servant, quoth *Æol*, there needeth no Pains,
To excite my best Skill when there's Prospect of Gains;
And as for the Girl, 'tis a Favour you've shewn,
But of Work of that Sort, I've enough of my own.

Derry down, &c.

But if you'd oblige me, pray hasten to *Jove*,
And tell him I want to be ruling above:

Pray

* Put in this Ballad for *Envy*.

Pray hint how long I have been in Disgrace,
And, depend on't, I'll scold myself into a Place,
Derry down, &c.

Your Service, said she, with much Pleasure is seen,
How loyal, and what a great Craftsman you've been ;
And, alack, when it comes to be known to the King,
You'll carry the World (as you ought) in a String,

Derry down, &c.

I wonder not, Sir, you have been in such Dudgeon
When *Bob's* made a Whale and you a meer Gudgeon ;
But now it is over, I saw their Barque tost,
And, I'll warrant, by this Time, he's certainly lost,

Derry down, &c.

But *Bob*, who now had no go'ut to dye Martyr,
And yet very loath to ask *Æol* for Quarter,
Couragiously said, Let the Blutterer huff,
He can do me no Hurt, I have Sea-Room enough,

Derry down, &c.

Let happen what will, I'll ne'er dip in their Dish,
Than follow their Schemes I'd rather feed Fish ;
On *Fore* I depend, the best Judge what I do,
So he still made his Way, though almost Gunnel to,

Derry down, &c.

In Dangers wou'd make other Hearts for to fail;
 Yet *Robin* ne'er took in one Reef of his Sail :
 No Favour he ask'd from Madam *Funo*,
 Or her bullying Heroe to give him a Tow,
Derry down, &c.

Abus'd and provok'd, and most horribly fous'd,
 And by ev'ry Wave most damnably dous'd ;
 Yet *Bob* in all this no Courage did lack ;
 Sure none but himself cou'd have kept upon Deck,
Derry down, &c.

Notwithstanding this Rout in the wat'ry Realm,
 He continu'd his Watch and his Seat at the Helm ;
 And his Cause being good, and his Skill great at Oar,
 He conquer'd his Foes and got safe under Shore,
Derry down, &c.

Great * *Neptune* awak'd at these horrid Alarms,
 Cry'd, What is it put my Dominion in Arms ?
 Says *Æol*, to whom such a Polt he did hit,
 That he sent him at once to the bottomless Pit,
Derry down, &c.

Thus

*

Thus quickly the Winds and the Waves were appeas'd
Friend *Bob* was quite safe and his Com'rades well pleas'd.
Who censures my Ballad, I value it not,
'Tis an old Woman's Malice, an old Woman's Plot,
Derry down, &c.



A N

HUMBLE PETITION.



OST humbly may it please your Honour,
To lay your great Affairs by, one Hour
Or not so long ; and read Petition
Of one in very bad Condition ;
Reduc'd by strange unlucky Hits
To live entirely by his Wits.
It humbly shews, that I was bred
('Fore scribbling came into my Head)
A Member of that learn'd Profession,
Which gets and turns out of Possession.

F

Now

Now whether 'twas too sharp for me,
 Or I too much Stupidity,
 And could not undergo the Hardship;
But so it is, may't please your Lordship;
 Having no great Capacity
 To follow it, it follows me :
 I mean not to myself Reproach,
 For I am honest as a Roach ;
 Only a little out at Heel
 Which makes me the Law's Talons feel ;
 For where it is not to be had
 Who pays not, can't be reckon'd bad ;
 And its strict Rules wou'd have me pay,
 Without once dictating a Way.
 I'm very sure no Man of Fashion,
 Can have a juster Inclination ;
 And if it was but in my Power,
 I'd pay my Debts this very Hour ,
 But what's all this you'l say to you,
 And what can I want you to do ;
 Indeed good Sir, I've no Pretence
 To ask, nor do I crave your Pence ;

But

But if my Meaning you wou'd trace,
 My Thoughts were on a little Place,
 Bolder and bolder, still quoth you,
 Why is that Work for me to do?
 Who recommends perhaps you'll say,
 How come you strolling, Friend, my Way?
 Why truly, Sir, when Money's gone,
 'Tis hard to find a Friend in Town,
 And of the many I have treated,
 (And foolishly my self have cheated)
 There's hardly left one to advise,
 But each one pulls off his Disguise,
 And basely now they've all deserted,
 And with my Fortune are departed.
 Oh had you seen the noble Rout,
 And how my Corks have flew about,
 You'd then have thought I'd many a Friend
 To serve me, or to recommend.
 But it remains as 'tis my due,
 To tell you why I trouble you,
 Indeed I cannot plead desert
 To get a Boon or win your Heart,

Nor

Nor can I boast of a Behaviour,
 Might recommend me to your Favour,
 But all that I wou'd have you know
 Is that about a Year ago,
 A Sett of grumbling, wicked Men,
 With lying Tongues and bolder Pen,
 Abus'd the Ministry and You,
 And Rail'd where great Applause was due,
 A Pack of Tory Rory Fools,
 And wretched Party-colour'd Tools,
 Ungratefully to raise Debate,
 Against the Men that fav'd their State;
 They say this Mischief was began,
 By a once honest Sort of Man,
 But now a spiteful, self-will'd Lout
 Turn'd Patriot, because turn'd out;
 Patriot; did I deign to say?
 For the ~~Misdomer~~, Pardon pray,
 Who bids a Government Defiance,
 Gets into a new and Alliance,
 For such a Name must want Desert,
 Nor has his Country's Good at Heart

But

x misdomer

But all his Malice comes, it seems,
 From Disappointment of his Schemes,
 For those who do his *Windings* trace,
 Tell me he wants your Honour's Place,
 That he'll abuse who rules the Roast,
 Until he gets the highest Post;
 What strange Chimæra's fill a Head,
 Wherein no Store of Brains is laid!
 Or that this foolish Pamphleteer,
 Shou'd aim at Things above his Sphere,
 Like *Phaeton* indeed he brags,
 That he could drive great *Phæbus* Nags;
 But if the Bungler should be try'd
 Each Mother's Son wou'd soon be fry'd,
 'Tis plain great Power and Wealth he mafs up,
 But as a Monkey in a Glass Shop,
 Experimentally is known,
 To spoil and throw the Gimcracks down;
 So fuch a Creature at the Helm
 Would overturn our happy Realm:
 But if they do not hold their Peace,
 And let their Witicisms cease,

The

The *Crafty* Gang may come, pray fear not,
 To wear themselves that pretty *Ear-Knot*,
 Which once a Month's the noted Dress,
 And Ornament of Newgate's Guest.
 But, Sir, to come again to you,
 'Bout whom they make so much to do,
 Whose Virtue has like yours been prov'd,
 In greatest Storms will stand unmov'd;
 And with submission to the *Craftsman*,
 He's but an injudicious Draughtsman,
 That wou'd pull down a noble Seat,
 Quite *firm* and every way compleat;
 And after all the mighty Pother,
 Can't for his Life raise such another.
 Your Honour's not a Pin the worse
 For all their *Billingsgate* Discourse,
 Which like the Brewer's Mild and Stale,
 On the Mob only can prevail,
 Who with the foggy Stuff grown mellow,
 Call his Worship pretty Fellow;
 And swear by Gad they'l stir their Stumps,
 To down with L---d M---s and with *Ramps*,

Such

Such are the Jokes and muddy Strains
Of our Town Cattle, fed with Grains.

Now you must know in your Defence
(I beg to speak my whole Pretence)
My Muse and I took mighty Pains,
To call your Enemies some Names,
And had we had Ability,
Had match'd them in Scurrility:
No Fee I ask'd, no Fee I met,
For I was then quite out of Debt,
Weak the Assault, weak my Essay,
'Twas all the Duty I cou'd pay,
And if I didn't them defeat
Most noble Sir, it was a Treat,
For which I ne'er had ask'd Reward,
Or fought your Honour's great Regard;
But that I am in Fortune flinted,
As once before Sir I have hinted;
Oh that I had what now I lack,
Or once a Week cou'd use my Jack,
'I'd *Gratis* pepper these Trapanners,
And teach the Ragamuffians Manners;

But

But as it is, conclude they'l bawl,
 And say I'm brib'd and Deel an all,
 The Matter I have throughly weigh'd,
 And am not in the least dismay'd;
 Nor need the Justest be asham'd,
 Howe're by faucy Scribblers blam'd,
 To give a Praise where Praise is due,
 Tho' they should gain what I wou'd do.
 If a Man meets no great ill will,
 That is preferr'd for doing ill,
 He *Vice Versâ* must excel,
 That's only paid for doing well;
 And that strange Folks did oft prevail
 In Days of Yore, observe my Tale.

Once on a Time a noted Bard,
 Who starving thought't most wondrous hard,
 Poorer in Pocket than in Spirit,
 And more than Wit but little Merit,
 In very dismal mournful Strain,
 Thus of his Hardships did complain,
 That kneel he cou'd not without hassock,
 Or but with Pence buy Gown and Cassock;

And

And People were so prone to Sin,
 No ragged Priest could Favour win,
 Neither (as true as he was Sinner,)
 Could *Courtier's* Word procure a Dinner,
 And often in such Times as these,
 Had strove to pawn GREAT PROMISES;
 But no one e'er would take them in,
 But said they were not worth a Pin;
 Then cry'd, *a Word before you go,*
 'Tis well if you don't find it so;
 And thus the Rogues with one accord,
 Began t' abuse a noble Lord,
 Of Complaints like these he rung a Parly,
 In his Friend's Ears, and chiefly *H---*;
 And them most humbly besought,
 He might be fed as well as taught;
 Thus with continual Prayers and Teasing,
 His Wit and Jokes were likewise pleasing,
 They in his favour pray'd the *Q---*
 To make his Reverence a *D---*,
 Which was no sooner ask'd than granted,
 And the fly Cur got what he wanted;

And now, great Sir, I end my Rime,
 Nor longer take up precious Time,
 Only beg leave to wish you Health,
 Increase of Glory and of Wealth;
 And that, as I have pray'd before
 You'll look ^{on} one, I'll say't no more.
 Did Men but know what dismal Fears,
 Attend us scribbling Garreteers,
 Unmov'd so many would not pass us,
 'Tis very cold upon *Parnassus*,
 And I for ought I know may starve on't,
 Who am your most Obedient Servant;
 Or as 'tis properer to say,
 And your Petitioner shall pray,



CLARUS and CLARINDA.



If there's a Muse that can inspire a Verse,
 Which matchless Love and Virtue wou'd rehearse,
 The tuneful Bard her mighty Aid implores,
 To welcome *Clarus* to our *Albion* Shores.

But

But let me first your noblest Passions move,
And tell at once how Love and Honour strove:

Long had the World been free from War's Alarms,
And Soldiers weary'd with disuse of Arms:
When haughty *Spaniards* with Imperial Voice,
Rous'd active *Britons* with their warlike Noise,
With joy they hear the Trumpets martial found,
And *Clarus* 'mongst the foremost Chiefs is found.

The valient *Clarus* longs to charge the Host,
And his King gave him a superior Post;
But oh! what Joy, what Transport cou'd it give
To her that only cou'd in *Clarus* live?

'Twas now *Clarinda's* tender Soul was mov'd,
At the just Fear of losing him she lov'd,
A Loss to her cou'd never be repaid,
The Swain by Nature form'd for such a Maid.
At last thro' heaving Sighs, Words broke their way,
And thus the charming Nymph was heard to say,

*Can he who lately swore for me he'd dye,
For me refuse to live now Death is nigh?
Ulysses in feign'd Madness did appear
(No artful Palamedes now is here)*

*And the great Conqueror that Thetis bore,
To keep at home, a Woman's Garment wore;
Let them for once your great Examples be,
And shew Mankind what you can do for me.*

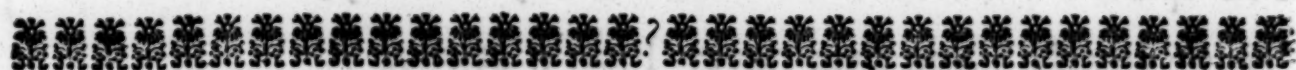
*Clarus who felt the struggling of her Breast,
And was with sympathetick Grief oppress'd.
Th' obliging Swain that always took such Care,
Never to contradict or thwart the Fair;
Now must deny what she in vain must ask,
By Honour forc'd to the uneasy Task.*

*I know, says he, what Garb Achylles wore,
For dear Clarinda I cou'd do much more,
Do all but this, but were we not to part,
The World wou'd say, I wear a Woman's Heart,
Believe me, whilst my Purpose I pursue,
I breath no Life that I don't breath for you;
But can a Man, bred up to Feats of Arms
Form any just Excuse in these Alarms;
Shou'd Woman, tho' the fairest e'er made,
Detain the Soldier from his Country's Aid?
That from his Duty now he cou'd not stay,
Gave her to Heaven's Care and takes his way.*

Ov'rwhelm'd with Sorrow poor *Clarinda* lies,
And spoke her Anguish with her streaming Eyes.

Not many Months his Absence thus she mourn'd,
But to his dear *Clarenda* he return'd;
Blest be the Winds, for ever blest the Main,
That gave him to *Clarinda's* Arms again,
Safe from the Danger of a threatening War
Which drove him from her lovely Charms so far.

Happy the Grief which happily thus ends,
And gives for parting such a large Amends.



O N

C L A R I N D A,

Who died soon after of the SMALL-POX.



H A T! is she gone? must bright *Clarinda* rust?

Must so much Beauty be obscur'd in Dust?

Alas too true! she takes her final Sleep,

And *CLARUS* and the World can only weep.

Who turns his Eyes on fair *CLARINDA's* Urn,

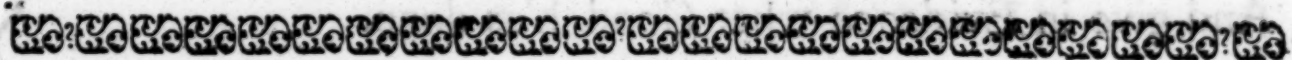
And does not such a charming Creature mourn!

Whether

Whether we view'd her in her Virgin State,
 Or when she was her Husband's happy Fate;
 In both she pleas'd, nor ever gave Offence,
 But in frail Nature kept her Innocence;
 No Tongue cou'd e're reproach the virtuous *Maid*,
 Or the inimitable *Wife* upbraid;
 In vain we wish she had retain'd her Breath,
 In vain that Heav'n had kept off cruel Death;
 'Twas only Death we fear'd, not the Disease,
CLARINDA ne'er cou'd want the Power to please,
 No spiteful Pitts could take those Eyes away,
 Those lovely Eyes that never look'd astray,
 But for her *CLARUS* always kept their Ray.
 Why shou'd such beauteous Substance turn to shade;
 Or why shou'd Nature's Debt so soon be paid?
 But he that made us may destroy or save,
 And surely He may take away that gave;
 Yet such a Loss, 'tis pious to deplore,
 And who can help lamenting, she's no more?
 What earthly Bliss can such a Blow relieve;
 Or when will constant *Clarus* cease to grieve?

Distress

Distress like his, no mournful Muse can paint,
 And all Descriptions wou'd be much too faint.
 This Beauty turn'd to mould'ring lifeless Clay
 Once like the chearful Morn drove Night away,
 And whilst she shone it was continual Day;
 But here the Thread was spun too fine to last,
 And when she disappear'd, it overcast.



O N

CHARITY.



IN human Souls a Tendernefs appears,
 The charitable Man the wretched chears,
 And at his hospitable Gate is seen,
 Afflicted Suppliants with humble Mien,
 Whose meagre Form and trembling Hands create,
 A just Suspicion of their dismal Fate,
 The piercing Sight his kind Compassion moves,
 Their Poverty his tender Nature proves,

The

The Wretched always meet his kind Regard,
 And Heav'n doubtless, will the Deed reward,
 At the last Day of Reckoning (dreadful Day)
 When undisguis'd, our Deeds will open lay,
 When we must give up Nature's sad Account,
 And leave our God to judge of the Amount,
 Then shall the Poor, before that awful Throne,
 By him reliev'd, the glorions Action own,
 And give in Evidence what Good h'as done.
 If Avarice in Scripture is forbid,
 And many Faults in Charity are hid,
 Obedient then to Heaven's chief Command,
 Of other Crimes he will acquitted stand.

But he that wou'd in Charity excel,
 Shou'd in that Charity distinguish well,
 Nor carry it to an improper Height,
 But always place his Benefactions right,
 Merit oppress'd shou'd see with pitying Eyes,
 But hateful Vice in every Shape despise,
 Adorn'd in Velvet, or in Sackcloth cloath'd,
 By righteous Persons, wicked Men are loath'd,

Their

Their Bounties to the Good alone extend,
Nor by encouraging the Bad offend.

Good Men, whilst living, do their Alms bestow,
And see themselves the Plants they water, grow,
Know that the Poor are by their Means reliev'd
Nor by Trustees or Villains are deceiv'd.

Some with their Riches part not but with Breath,
And into Charity are scar'd by Death,
Then turn their languid, but once scornful Eyes,
On those poor Objects they in Health despise,
Bestow on charitable Piles their Store,
Because they can enjoy the Dross no more.

Tho' Golden Letters tell the Donor's Name,
And learn'd Inscriptions do the Deed proclaim,
'Tis all but Pageantry and empty Fame.
Nor do such Acts much Reputation raise,
And flattering Marble only gives them Praise!

O think betimes, to Charity incline,
Know that the Poor in Heav'n like you will shine,
Out of your darling *Riches* somewhat spare,
And make Distress and Misery your Care.



JOB XIV. to VERSE 14.



A N a short Term his wife Creator gives,
 And that in much Anxiety he lives,
 Never continues in a settled Stay,
 But like a Flow'r comes up and doth decay,
 And as the transient Shadow fleeth away.
 So frail a Creature canst thou deign to see,
 And into Judgment bring the *Thing* with thee,
 From what's unclean can ought that's clean proceed?
 Or who that's mortal can perform the Deed?
 As all his Days determin'd are by Thee?
 By Thee the Number of his Months we see,
 Beyond the Bounds thou set't he cannot flee.
 Turn from the Hireling then and ease his Breast,
 And when his Day's accomplisht, let him rest.
 If once a Tree's cut down this Hope remains,
 That with thy Dew and thy refreshing Rains,

Again

'Again 'twill sprout, again it will increase,
 Nor will its tender Branches ever cease ;
 'And tho' its Root grows antient in the Ground,
 Or its decaying Stock can ne'er be found,
 Yet the Tree buds again, again it grows,
 And like a Plant again it brings forth Boughs,
 Man dies, is seen no more, his Days are past,
 And who can find him when h'as breath'd his last ?
 As Waters taking from the Sea their Way,
 Suddenly fail, depending Floods decay,
 So when Man falls, till the last Day he lies,
 And Death, 'till Heaven's no more, shall close his Eyes,
 None from his dusty Bed the Wretch can take,
 Or from that fatal, dreadful Sleep awake.
 Oh that the Sinner in the Grave thou'lt hide,
 For who, thy fearful Anger can abide ?
 Till that is past, let none thy Creature see,
 But set a Time, O Lord, and think on me.

If a Man die, what ! shall he live again,
 Oh no ! the inconsiderate Thought is vain,
 With Patience till my Change shall come, I'll wait,
 'Till my Creator's pleas'd to fix my Fate.



E P I T A P H
ON
Mrs. GERTRUDE BYRCH.



W H A T can gay Beauties carelessly pass by ?

Nor stop and give the charming *Birch* a Sigh.

Know that the Power which snatch'd a *Birch* away,
Can turn the brightest of you all to Clay.
However fair, however form'd to please,
The heedless Skeleton will rudely seize :
Confine each Nymph for the appointed Space,
Till Heav'n releases with an Act of Grace
Then scatter'd Atoms shall again unite,
And mould'ring Beauties shall review the Light:
Birch shall in Heav'n put on again her Air,
And those fine Eyes resume their Brightness there.



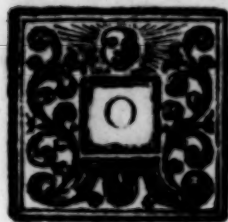
On her SISTER Miss *P E C K*,
Who Died soon after.



L A S, what valuable Breath is fled,
And she whose Looks gave Life herself lies dead;
'Twas hard her Sentence should so soon be past,
Or, that a Bud so beautiful should blast.
Better a matchless fair one ne'er had birth,
Than in her Bloom she shou'd return to Earth;
Whether the Beauties of a Mind we trace,
Or the Perfections of a faultless Face.
A *Peck* we view'd in every Way compleat,
And who that knew her mourns not her retreat?
As her immortal Spirit soars on high,
'And graces with her Form th'exulting Sky,
Heav'n widely spreads its Clouds to catch the Maid,
'And seems delighted with so fine a Shade,



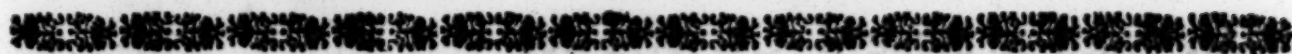
On finding a MAGGOT in a Nut-shell.



H, little creeping pretty Vermin,
 Whose Station I cou'd wish my Fate,
 Your Skin as sleek and soft as *Ermin*,
 Declares your easy happy State.
 You ne'er complain your Bounds are narrow,
 Lord of the Nutshel you command;
 Where better Food you find than Marrow,
 Bestow'd by Nature's bounteous Hand.
 Nor can you say Provision's scanty,
 Tho' but a single Dish of Meat;
 Nor Lords or Dukes amidst their Plenty
 Half so elegantly eat.
 Yet Maggots I have seen of Pleasure,
 Willing a gayer Life to lead,
 Forfake this estimable Treasure,
 And rove into a Lady's Head.
 And as in Nutshells the wise Creatures,
 The best and fairest Kernells taint;
 Here prey on Girls of finest Features,
 And make a Devil of a Saint.

The

The little winding wicked Insect,
 No sooner's lodg'd in Miss's Scull ;
 But strait he does the fair One infect,
 And *Cloe* grows most fanciful.
 With this nor that she is contented,
 To Day she loves, to Morrow hates ;
 Poor Girls are much to be lamented,
 When Maggots get into their Pates.
 Mam-ma perceives her Daughter's failing,
 And chides the Girl in huffing Strains ;
 But no Reproof can be prevailing,
 Whilst Maggots feed on *Cloe's* Brains.



O N A

C R I T I C K.

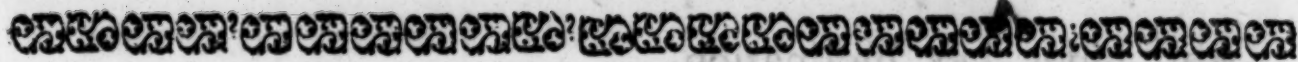


H, why has *Mevius* so much Wit,
 A Taste so wond'rous fine,
 That nothing can his Fancy hit,
 Like *Homer* doth not shine.
 Or, why with Scorn should *Mevius* look
 Upon an Author's Deed ;
 Because it soars not like a Book
 Himself can hardly read.

When

When with a Judgment most profound,
 H'as met a mighty Fault,
 In probing where he makes the Wound,
 A stupid Wretch he's thought.
 If much he hates a scribbling Spark,
 He writes and calls him Names;
 But soon his foolish dull Remark,
 Kindles and Ends in Flames.
 And yet the Critick vainly says,
 I've satisfy'd the Town,
 But oh! He meets instead of Praise,
 From all an angry Frown;
 So when a mongril Cur of Fire,
 Has bark'd at Hors'es Feet,
 With joy he runs to rural 'Squire,
 Bid with the noble Feat.
 There still remains a warlike Noise,
 His rage a growling leaves;
 When a great Kick, (Oh sad applause!)
 Of Passion * *Spot* bereaves.

* The Dog's Name



A

New S O N G.

'To the TUNE of, *A Curse attend that Woman's Love*
(in the BEGGARS OPERA.)

I.



Curse attends the stupid Fool,

That Woman's always pleasing,

Depend on't he'll be made her Tool,

And She'll be always teasing;

He makes her worse that too much bears,

In gentle Terms I'd woe her;

But if she shew'd her Female Airs,

I never wou'd pursue her,

II.

If thus you Act, they'll lose their Sway,

The Sex will all come to you,

But if you take the other Way

They surely will undo you.

If once you're shy, then Woman frets,

Discovers soon her Passion;

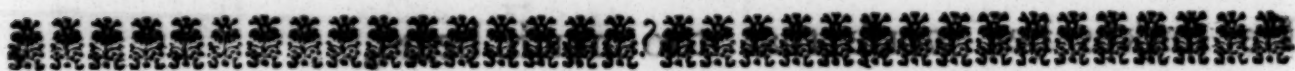
I

But

But if you're ~~easy~~ ^{easy} the Coquets,
And hides her Inclination.

III.

Did you pursue this wholesome Scheme,
No Nymph her Flame wou'd smother
No Courtships wou'd so tedious seem,
But soon you'd know each other ;
You'd then possess your *Celia's* Charms,
Nor would so long be dying,
But soon she'd leap into your Arms,
And save a whole Year's lying.

SONG on an *Irish* LADY.

O all ye Beaux on *Britain's* Shore,

Who are so partial grown,

And fondly think no Land has store,

Of Beauties like our own,

You'll be convinc'd, will grow more wise,

When once you see *Victoria's* Eyes.

With a fa, la, &c.

When

When once you see her charming Air,
 Her easy, graceful Mien,
 With me you'll scruple not to swear,
 In *Ireland* may be seen.

Girls finely fashion'd, fair as those
 Fam'd Beauties, which before you chose.

With a fa, la, &c.

When e'er she speaks Wit swiftly flows,
 Yet with becoming Grace
 And when she once appears she shews
 A blooming lovely Face,
 That Region's blest, you'll all agree,
 Where Beauties live, as bright as she.

With a fa, la, &c.

Now end your Song my captive Muse,
 Your amorous Strains conclude,
 Nor fair *Victoria* now refuse
 My Boon, or think it rude;
 But if you'd blest and happy be,
 Or make me to so, have Constancy.

With a fa, la, &c.



THE
Disappointed COQUETTE.
A New SONG.

(TUNE of *O Charo Speni.*)

I.



WHILST *Strepbon's* fretting,
Sylvia's coquetting,
Laughs at his Passion, scornful appears,
At which the Lover
Soon turns a Rover,
And *Cupid's* Fetters no longer wears.

II.

Sylvia distracted
At what she's acted,
Him she thus slighted, fain wou'd recall,
He Tyranizes,
Her Suit dispises,
And vows she never shall more enthrall.

Learn

(69)

III.

Learn hence vain Woman
To deceive no Man,
Let no Wretch tremble, die at your Feet,
But be complying,
Or when you're dying,
Poor *Sylvia's* Fate you'll surely meet.

A

LOVE CONVERSATION,

A New BALLAD.

Tune, a Favourite Minuet,

Damon,



AIR *Lucinda* don't despise me,
Let a Swain your Favour find,
When with Scorn *Lucinda* eye's me,
O what Grief distracts my Mind,
With one Smile your Lover charm,
Nor my tender Passion blame,

Don't

Don't be cruel,
 Nor add Fuel
 To a wretched Lover's Flame.

Lucinda.

Why does *Damon* ask a Favour
 Which *Lucinda* cannot grant,
 Censure not my coy Behaviour,
 Since an equal Flame I want ;
 All Men want the Power to please,
 'Till young *Cupid* with his Dart,
 Woman seizes
 Where he pleases
 Makes a Nymph bestow her Heart.

Damon.

O that *Venus*, *Cupid's* Mother,
Damon's Passion did discern,
 Soon she'd then my Pain discover,
 And her Son this Lesson learn,
 Quickly bright *Lucinda* find,
 Use your never-failing Dart,

On your Duty

Makethis Beauty,

Where 'tis wish'd for, give her Heart.

Lucinda

Lucinda.

•Till the Boy is on that Errand,
 You can never conquer me,
 Yet he wants the fatal Warrant,
 And *Lucinda* yet is free;
 Let your fruitless Passion cease,
 Friendly *Venus* stops her Ears,

Cupid never

Shews his Quiver,

Nor his Dart *Lucinda* fears:

Damon!

All that see you must admire,
 Love like mine will never cease,
 Whilst those Eyes retain their Fire,

Damon's Passion must increase.

If this Love you'd have me quit,

Nor to *Damon* you'll incline,

To disarm me

And not harm me

Let your Beauties cease to shine;

While

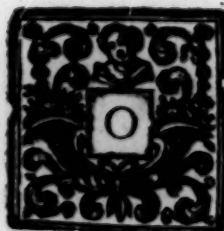
Whilst the am'rous Swain was speaking,
 And thus strove to gain her Heart,
 Down the little God came sneaking
 Struck *Lucinda* to the Heart,
 Alter'd quite, with kinder Eyes,
 Happy *Damon* now she saw,
 She's defeated,
 So Frost's heated
 By bright *Phæbus* quickly thaw.



LOVE and DUTY, A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Despairing besides a clear Stream, &c.*

I.



N a Bank by a boisterous Sea,
 A Shepherd despairing was laid,
 His Thoughts on a beautiful She,
 Nor of Tempests or Dangers afraid;

Of

Of dying no Fear did he form,

He laught at the Skeleton's Dart,

Love rag'd in the Swain like the Storm,

And the Billows kept Time with his Heart.

II.

Nor yet could the Lover complain,

That the fair One his Suit had deny'd;

For the Nymph had reply'd in soft Strain,

And whisper'd she'd fain be his Bride;

But her kindness fresh anguish creates,

Nor her Favour the Swain could relieve,

This Match was forbid by the Fates,

And *COLLIN* was destin'd to grieve.

III.

That no Father like his was severe,

The sorrowful Shepherd complains,

And why are we bound to revere,

When a Parent no Pity retains?

Yet his Mind Love and Duty possess,

And he strove to extinguish his Flame,

Still in *CLOE* he long'd to be blest,

And who such a Passion could blame?

K

Her

IV.

Her Beauty with Transport he saw,
 Love and Duty alternately strove;
 But I've never yet heard of a Law,
 That was able to drive away Love;
 This Nymph, like *Diana* was chaste,
 With her 'twere a Heaven to live,
 Like a beautiful Taper her Waste,
 Tho' no Light like her Eyes it could give.

V.

He apply'd to the Powers above,
 His Sighs even melted the Skies,
 And *Venus* Queen Regent of Love,
 Beheld him with pitying Eyes.

In a Shower the Goddess thus spoke

*I wish you cou'd C L O E obtain;
 But the Ice is too hard to be broke,
 And all our Endeavours are vain.*

VI.

By Love and by Duty enslav'd,

What Wretch so unhappy as I?

And then like a Madman he rav'd,

And his Staff was flung carelessly by,

The

The Ecchos repeated his Groans,
 No Comfort the Shepherd could meet,
 The Willows reply'd to his Moans,
 And his Flock did in sympathy bleat.

VII.

O let me some Counsel receive,
 Advise me what Course I shall take,
 Of Fathers the best, shall I grieve,
 Or the finest of Women forsake?
 But Death is the easiest Choice,
 My Fate sure all must lament,
 He spoke ---- and there wanted a Voice
 To stop the rash Shepherd's Intent.

VIII.

Like a Poppy he hung down his Head,
 Who once was so charming and gay,
 And Life imperceivably fled,
 For the Penknife too soon found its Way.
*Restraint only fans Cupid's Fires,
 Nor Parents your Senses abuse,
 Ne'er attempt to curb youthful Desires,
 Lest Children like him you should lose.*



THE
COBLER's Stratagem,
A New BALLAD.

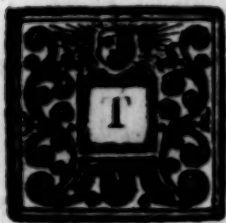
Taken from *PHOEDRUS* Fables.

Fallax Vulgi Judicium
Ex futuro Medicus.

FAB. 14.

Tune of, *A Begging we we will go, &c.*

I.



HERE was a certain *Craftsman*,
Who some a *Cobler* call,
That for his strange unlucky Pranks
Had been *expell'd* his Stall.

And a Begging forc'd to go, &c

II.

Quoth he I've many Years been thought
As honest as the Day;
But since I hav'nt my Stall again
I'll take another Way,

And a Conjuring I will go, &c.

To

III.

To Country strait I'll go,
Where Men their Senses lack;
Nor can a *good Physician*
Distinguish from a Quack,

When a Canting I shall go, &c.

IV.

What! tho' I ne'er read *Celsus*,
Or any Book of Fame,
I'll rail and call their *Doctor* Names,
And put them in a Flame,

When a Prating I shall go, &c.

V.

I'll tell them they are poison'd
By their Physicians Pills;
But that I have an *Antidote*
Will cure them of their Ills,

And a Slandering I will go, &c.

VI.

Who knows but by this Stratagem,
Some Money I may get,

And

And that the *gaping Multitude*

May all approve my Wit,

When a Chattering I shall go, &c.

VII.

Or if my Rival's Character,

I can enough deface,

Pray who can tell but I myself,

May pop into his Place?

And a Scoulding I will go, &c.

VIII.

To a Market Town near *Athens*

With mischievous Intent,

And fly Pretence to serve the Place

This Mountebank he went,

And a Curing he did go, &c.

IX.

His Doses were in Fustian Bags,

His Rostrum was a Stool,

And that he might divert the Mob

He had with him a Fool,

And together they did go, &c.

This

X.

This Fool he was a merry Wag,
 And kept in constant Pay,
 To bear a *Bob* and help the Quack,
 To cry his Stuff away,

And together they did go, &c.

XI.

So if the Quack was ever out
 This notable Buffoon,
 Could stop the Gap, with far-fetch'd Jokes,
 And Stories from the Moon,

For a Joking he cou'd go, &c.

XII.

Thus he had all the Andrew's Tricks,
 And each *Jack Pudding's* Jest,
 And sometimes spew'd up * *Ribbands*
 He did not well digest,

And a Fuggling he, &c.

XIII.

The Crowd were strangely pleas'd
 At what they both did say; Nor

* There was once a *Fuggler* in *More-fields* pull'd *Ribbands* out of his Mouth,
 which he made the People believe he spew'd up.

Nor *Delphos* famous Oracle,

Was more believ'd than they,

When a Canting they, &c.

XIV. To treat a Quack and help

Thus the *Doctor* was abused,

The People fill'd with Fears,

And all the Town had like to have been

Together by the Ears,

And a Grumbling they did go, &c.

XV. Could stop the Gap with Jokes

This Quack pretended much to love

The Ruler of the Place,

Tho' by these Means he taught the Mob

To fly into his Face.

And a Rioting to go, &c.

XVI. And sometimes spew'd up

At length came up a Magistrate,

And pray, Sir, who are you?

That with un-licens'd Boldness

And Noise, makes such ado,

Whilst a Begging thus you go, &c.

XVII.

Our *Doctor* is no Wanderer,
But does his Station keep,
Nor shall your silly Jargon lay
Our Senses all asleep.

Whilst a Cheating you do go, &c.

XVIII.

The Town is well, to keep it so
Shall be our utmost Care ;
But shou'd we take your Slipslops,
We soon might be elsewhere.

For a Poisoning you go, &c.

XIX.

To punish Vagrants such as you,
This once we will neglect ;
But come no more for we've a House
In which we them correct

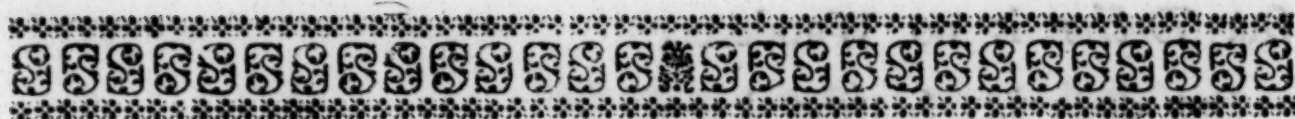
That a Begging thus do go, &c.



L

ON

1/2



ON THE
ARRIVAL
OF HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK
Prince of WALES.



T length the Wishes of the Realm are o'er,
And FREDERICK'S Absence we shall grieve no more;
The Royal Youth, with Joy *Britannia* greets,
And all her Happiness this Prince compleats;
No single Branch of glorious *GEORGE* she wants,
But bounteous Heaven all she covets, grants.

To ease the longings of a favourite Isle,
The Prince, with pleasure, leaves his Native Soil ;
From *German* Climes with small Regret departs,
For BRUNSWICK'S Issue, all have *English* Hearts.

Who

x single

Who can the Royal Parent's Bliss relate ?

Or what Ideas can the Bard create ?

Nature, a Joy like this can hardly bear,

But shews its Extacy with gushing Tear.

Such is the tender Mother's glad Surprize,

With haste to meet her first-born Son she flies,

And greatest Transport flows from wat'ry Eyes.

Whom long we've mourn'd for, let us all revere,

With Pride behold, our HEIR APPARENT here.

Let the same Ardour warm each *British* Breast,

As when his Godlike Sire the Name possesst.

That Prince, from whom each Subject learn't t'obey,

From whom, all Kings may learn a righteous Sway.

Hence Factious, Slaves, ---- if Faction can abide,

Where Virtue dwells and King's like *GEORGE* reside,

Hence to *Bologna's* Plains, who thus behave

Nor live amongst a People you'd enslave.

F I N I S.



Who can the Royal Parent's bliss relate?

Of what ideas can the Bard create?
Nought a joy like this can hardly bear;

But flows in rapture with gushing tears.

Such is the tender Mother's glad surprise,

With haste to meet her first-born son the eyes,

And gushing transport flows from every eye.

When long we've mourn'd for him all tears,

With pride behold, our dear Apartment here.

Let the same Arden waite his blissful breath,

As when his Godlike Sire's name he met.

That Prince, from whom each subject learnt to pray,

I now whom all Kings may learn a righteous way.

Hence Factions, Slaves, --- if Faction can abide,

Where Virtue dwells and Kings like GEORGE reside.

Hence to Bologna's Plains, who thus behave

Not live amongst a People you'd enslave.



